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Father, take my Hand.

The way is dark, my Father! Cloud on cloud
Is gathered thickly o'er my head, and loud
The thunders roar above me. See I stand
Like one bewildered! Father, take my hand,
And through the gloom
Lead safely home
Thy child.

The day goes fast, my Father! and my soul
Is drawing darkly down. My Fatherless sight
Sees ghostly visions. Fears, a spectral band,
Encompass me. O Father, take my hand,
And from the night
Lead up to light
Thy child.

The way is long my Father! and my soul
Longs for the rest and quiet of the goal;
While yet I journeyed through the weary land.
Keep me from wandering. Father, take my hand.
Quickly and straight
Lead to Heaven's gate
Thy child.

The path is rough, my Father, many a thorn
Has pierced the; and my weary feet, all torn
And bleeding, mark the way. Yet thy command,
Bids me press forward. Father, take my hand,
Then safe and blest
Lead up to rest
Thy child.

The throng is great my Father! Many a doubt
And fear and danger compass me about.
And foes oppose me so. I cannot stand
Or go alone. O Father, take my hand,
And through the throng
Lead safe along
Thy child.

The cross is heavy, Father! I have borne.
It long, and still do bear it. Let my worn
And fainting spirit rise to that blessed land
Where crowns are given. Father, take my hand,
And reaching down,
Lead to the crown
Thy child.

Dirge.

BY CHARLES G. EASTMAN.

Softly!
She is lying
With her lips apart.
Softly!
She is dying
Of a broken heart.

Whisper!
She is going
To her final rest.
Whisper!
Life is growing
Dim within her breast.

Gently!
She is sleeping;
She has breathed her last.
Gently!
While you are weeping,
She to Heaven has past!

Trusting in Christ.

It was a time of spiritual awakening in a small manufacturing town. The foreman in a department of one of the factories became anxious about his soul. He was directed to Christ as the sinner's only refuge by many, and by his own master among the rest; but it seemed to me without result. At last his master thought of reaching his mind and bringing him to see the sincerity of God in the Gospel, by writing a note asking him to come to see him at six o'clock, after he left "the work."

He came promptly with the letter in his hand. When ushered into his room his master inquired, "Do you wish to see me, James?"

James was confounded, and holding up the note requesting him to come, said:

"The letter! The letter!"

"O," said his master, "I see you believed that I wanted to see you, and when I sent you the message you came at once."

"Surely, sir! surely, sir!" replied James.

"Well, see, here is another letter sending for you, by One equally in earnest," said his master, holding up a slip of paper with some texts of Scripture written on it.

James took the paper and began to read slowly—"Come—unto—me all—ye—that—labor," &c. His lips quivered; his eyes filled with tears; and, liked to choke with emotion, he thrust his hand into his jacket pocket, grasping his large, red handkerchief, with which he covered his face, and there he stood for a few moments, not knowing what to do. At length he inquired:

"Am I just to believe that in the same way I believed your letter?"

"Just in the same way," rejoined the master. "If we receive the witness of men the witness of God is greater." This expedient was owned of God in setting James at liberty. He was a happy believer that very night, and has continued to go on his way rejoicing in God his Saviour, to point others to Calvary, and walk in the narrow way.

Reader, if anxious about your salvation, be persuaded to believe God when He speaks to you in His Work, in the same way you would credit the word of an honorable man, and you will obtain peace through the precious blood of Christ. "He cannot deny himself."

Do you say, "I would be a Christian if I felt that I was worthy?" How is it with Christ? Is he not worthy? If you depend upon your own strength alone, you might fear and draw back; but when the treasures of eternity are yours, and when Christ has said to every one of you, as he would say if he were here now, "Trust me; just as long, my children, as I live, do not be afraid, for you shall live also; I pledge my life for yours"—can you not take him at his word, and be content?

Dr. Adam Clark, who had a strong aversion to pork, was called upon to say grace at dinner where the principal dish was roast pig. He is reported to have said: "O Lord, if Thou canst bless under the gospel what Thou didst curse under the law, bless this pig."

The Forged Check.

Charley Stanford and I were engaged to be married. That might or might not have been the reason why I refused to believe him guilty of the crime of forgery, of which he stood accused, and for the commission of which he was lying in prison, awaiting trial. I did not believe in his guilt, but I seemed the only one to have doubted, and I was but a poor sewing girl with neither money or influence; so it was likely to go hard with Charley Stanford. I was so poor that I could not spare a day from labor to grieve, or to comfort him. I managed to get him a word that I believed in his innocence; it was all I could do, and I then went to Mr. Lamont's to fulfill an engagement for sewing. I went out by the day or week, and Mrs. Lamont, though a rich lady, was not above the economy of employing me.

I don't know that it would have made any difference to her if she had known that I was engaged to Charley Stanford, but she did not know it, and it was her husband's name which my unfortunate lover was accused of forging.

Mrs. Lamont had never heard of me; but I had heard of her when she was not the grand lady she was now. She was a Miss Ryerson before her marriage, the daughter of a boarding house keeper, and Mr. Lamont and Charley boarded with her mother.—Mr. Lamont, though a wealthy merchant, was a plain man, and did not scorn the fare that was good enough for his clerk.

I may as well explain here that Charley was the son of an old friend of Mr. Lamont's, and that the rich merchant had a fancy to him, when this unlucky charge was made, which it seemed more than probable would shipwreck name, fame, and prospects.

I often heard Charley mention Miss Ryerson, who was a showy, handsome girl; but he never spoke as though he liked her, and I more than guessed that it was not her fault if he did not.

Charley was very fine looking—what we women call a splendid looking fellow, and though he never said as much to me, (he was too honorable and delicate,) I think that in those days Miss Ryerson liked the merchant's handsome clerk a great deal better than he liked her.

Mr. Lamont on the contrary conceived a violent passion for Miss Ryerson and she married him, for the sake of his money, of course.

After the marriage, Mr. Lamont insisted upon Charley's coming to live with them, and threw out vague hints of adopting him at some future day, making him a partner, or doing something as great for him.

Thus much of Charley's relations with the Lamont's. He could have nothing to gain in committing such a crime—nothing, that is, compared to what he run the risk of losing through discovery. Yet the evidence against him was powerful enough to convince of his guilt a man who would naturally be reluctant to believe such a thing of him, and unless some unlooked for event occurred to disprove that evidence, it must convict him in a court of justice.

The forged check had been presented at the bank and cashed just before banking hours were over, and the teller could tell nothing as to who presented it, beyond a general impression that it was a young man with heavy black whiskers and moustache like Charley. In short, being accustomed to cash Mr. Lamont's drafts through Charley, he had not observed but that it was he who presented this one; but could not swear either way why he had a confused recollection, too, about a pair of epaulets; but upon some insinuating he must have had an early dram that day, he concluded that the epaulets must have belonged to another party entirely.

The forgery bore about as strong resemblance to Charley's hand as to Mr. Lamont's when you looked a second time; and Mrs. Lamont produced something the house-maid had found in Charley's room, some torn sheets of paper, scrawled over and over with Mr. Lamont's name written on it just as it was on the forged check. They found more such specimens in Charley's trunk, and a roll of bank-notes which Charley denied all knowledge of, as well as of the sheets of paper with Mr. Lamont's name on them. I had plenty to think of while I sat there in Mrs. Lamont's back parlor, sewing, and sometimes of an evening Mr. Lamont came in and sat talking over Charley's case with his wife, so unconscious of me, and my nearness to Charley, that I could scarcely bear it. I noticed in these talks that Mr. Lamont leaned toward Charley with some kindness still, and would have explained the things against him if he could; but his wife took an entirely opposite view of the matter, and I could see influenced her husband by her representations. She laughed scornfully at the supposition that Charley was, after all, innocent. She told her husband he had been shamefully deceived and imposed upon by my brave, upright lover, that she had suspected all along that he was bestowing his confidence and kindness on one who knew not how to appreciate it.

Of course the poor seamstress was not allowed to be any hindrance to these talks, and Mrs. Lamont had a fancy to overlook my sewing herself. I suspected that her husband kept her on far shorter allowance of pocket money than she expected when she married him, and that was why she kept such a narrow watch upon me, and saw that I diligently improved all the time she paid for.

I could not help noticing that Mrs. Lamont displayed singular rancor towards poor Charley, and I could not help feeling that she would prefer having him condemned then acquitted.

One day Mrs. Lamont sent me to her wardrobe to bring her a dress that wanted altering. It was not where she said, and in seeking it I exposed, hanging in a dark corner, some garments which I thought looked sadly out of place among such a number of fine lady's dresses. They were a suit of fine gentleman's clothes—her husband's perhaps, hung there by mistake. But no; as I had replaced the dress that hung over them, I saw that there was broad gold straps upon the shoulders of the coat, and Mr. Lamont had never been in the army.—It reminded me of what the teller of the bank had said about epaulettes, connection with the presenter of the forged check; but I should have thought no more of it, if I had not met Mrs. Lamont at the door of her apartment, coming to see what had kept me. She eyed me narrowly and asked why I was so long.

"I could not find the dress," I said, and she seemed satisfied; but I caught her eyes fixed upon me with a curious expression several times that day. It set me thinking. I wondered if Mrs. Lamont had a brother in the army, and if that uniform belonged to him. I wondered what was in a long narrow box which I had observed in an inside pocket of the coat. The next time I went to Mrs. Lamont's wardrobe for her, the lady was in her room: but I contrived when her back was turned to slip the cover off that box just enough to peep inside. It contained a pair of false whiskers so like Charley's I should have thought them his if I thought they would come off.

I thought harder than ever after that, and one day when Mrs. Lamont had gone out shopping, I tried the door of her apartment. It was locked; of course I expected that, and taking from my pocket some keys which I had procured for that purpose, I tried them one after another until I found one that would fit. Having obtained on entrance, I did not go to the wardrobe, I had seen enough of that; I went to Madam's writing desk—a dainty pearl and ebony affair, it was a present from her husband before marriage.

I had to search a long time before I found what I wanted, and I was afraid every moment Mrs. Lamont might return. But my search was rewarded at length, and replacing everything as I had found it, without removing an article, I had turned to go.

Mr. Lamont had returned home unexpectedly, and came up to his wife's apartment. He stood on the threshold regarding me with a stern and amazed countenance. I caught at the back of a chair to sustain myself, for the room began to whirl and my breath came in gasps.

'Really, young lady, really,' began he.

I rallied. 'Now or never,' thought I. 'It's for Charley.'

'Mr. Lamont,' said I, 'wait a moment, and hear who I am before you judge me.'

He looked at me inquiringly.

'I am Charley Stanford's promised wife. My business in Mrs. Lamont's apartment was to discover what I suspected I should find here—proofs of his innocence of the crime laid to his charge. I have found them.'

Mr. Lamont stared at me in a most uncomprehending manner.

'Young woman are you aware what you are saying?'

For answer I opened the writting desk again, and showed him what I had found there. It was merely a part of a sheet of paper traced over and over with his name.

'You will find,' I said, as I gave it to him, that this part of a sheet of paper has the same water mark and stamp as that which was found in Mr Stanford's apartment, and that all the paper which bears also the same remarkable specimens of calography bears also the same water mark and stamp as a quantity in Mrs. Lamont's writing desk. Perhaps you never knew, sir, that Mr. Stanford once gave Miss Ryerson instructions in penmanship.'

He had taken the bit of paper from my hand. He was looking blankly enough at it as I went on.

'You will find, sir, in that wardrobe, the very suit of clothes Mrs. Lamont wore when she presented that wicked check at the bank. The suit is a gentleman's—a lieutenant's uniform, it belonged to her brother, but it will fit her; and there are false whiskers and moustaches in a box in the pocket. That Mrs. Lamont is the author of that check, the contriver of all this trouble, let her deny it if she dares."

I addressed my last words to Mrs. Lamont herself. I flung them at her with almost vindictiveness, as she rushed into the room the picture of dismay and guilty consternation.

She made some attempt at defense, but her husband stopped her. Opening the wardrobe he saw what was there, and came back to her with a face that grew red and white alternately with shame and horror.

They hushed the matter up somehow. I never knew the particulars. But Charley came out of it with a clear name and Mr. Lamont was very kind to him; so kind that Charley and I were able to marry much sooner than we expected to, and to live very comfortably without my either taking in sewing or going out any more. I didn't feel quite right to give it up, but Charley took it into his head that a little cough and pain in the side which I had got, came from my sewing so much, and insisted that I should not sew any more.

What a few Car rides Cost.

BY MRS. P. H. PHELPS.

It was many years ago, when the city-cars were first used in Philadelphia, that John Benner, a boy who lived in the upper part of the town, happened to get a ride without paying for it. The car was full, and the conductor passed him without taking his fare. At first, John thought he would pay it as he left the car; then he repeated to himself what he had heard old people say:—

"I'm not responsible for another person's mistakes. If he don't do his business properly, it's not my fault, and I shan't go out of my way to do it for him."

A poor, worthless plea of the selfish, who hope or wish to gain something by the short-comings of others. How despicable to take advantage of another's weakness or error or misfortune.

John felt like a thief when he left the car, his fare unpaid. He had half expected to hear the conductor call him back; once he thought his hand was on his shoulder. But when he was safe at home, he boasted of his small knavery as if it were a virtue.

"I didn't pay anything for my ride, mother."

The weak, unreflecting woman only said, "didn't you?"

And John went on boasting, "I've got six cents now for something else."

Six cents! and that was all he sold his integrity and manliness for! How many other boys have sold them for a like trifle, making a woful bargain! He who sacrifices one particle of virtue or manliness or kindness for millions of money, makes a fool's sacrifice, at which the fiends who hate men, laugh.

After this John Benner obtained dishonest rides, not so much by the oversight of the conductor as his own cunning. Poor, wretched trickery! His success in this made him mean and trickish in other things. When he bought fruit for his parents, he purloined a handful from the dealer for himself; he nibbled the cheese and crackers at the grocery; and seemed to think it was all gain to get anything without paying money for it, never considering that he was paying away his character all the time, using himself up by inches. He excused these meannesses and dishonesties to himself by saying they were "nothing;" it was nothing to pick up a few raisins or a cracker lying before one. Nothing! But some of these nothings have a queer way of growing something.

When John rode in the cars without paying fare, he never thought of any one noticing him except the conductor, and if he had, he would no doubt have said, "Who cares? It's nobody's business but the conductor's and mine." A good quaker noticed him notwithstanding, and felt that it was his business to give him a check. So, one day, when he had just left the car, and was still in plain sight, he said to the conductor:

"Conductor, I think thee is helping to make a villain of that boy. I have seen that he too often escapes thee in paying his fare. Thee had best be more mindful in future."

The conductor marked the boy, with whose look he was already familiar.

It was not long after that the young rogue had an invitation to be one of a party who were to have a festival in a fine grove on the New Jersey side of the Delaware, which they were to cross in Camden ferry-boat. He was delighted in anticipation of the pleasure he should have. When the day had come, and he had started to join the party, he found that he was late. But if he took the first car he might be in time. It came, and he beckoned for it to stop. The conductor saw him beckon, but never touched the bell. John screamed "Halloo!" in vain. The conductor had recognized him, and took no further notice of him. John ran to overtake the car, and leap upon it. He failed, and there was nothing for him but to walk as fast as he could to the ferry. He even ran. It was midsummer, and the heat was overpowering. Tired and panting, the sweat standing in great drops on his crimson face, he reached the great wharf to see the boat, loaded with its merry party, already half way to the Jersey shore. He was disappointed, angry, ready to cry. "Why didn't the car stop for me?" he growled. He was paying for one of his rides then.—How many was that pleasant festival worth?

It come to be time for him to go into a store. He was on the look-out for one where he could have suitable employment, with a good prospect; when he saw an advertisement that a boy was wanted in one of the largest warehouses on the wharf. "That would just suit me," said John. "I would like of all things to be down there near the shipping."

He applied at the place, and was sent into the counting-room to the head of the firm, a middle-aged man with a keen, gray eye, which he fixed on John in a way to make him turn pale.

"Does thee want a place in my store?" he said.

"Yes, sir," John answered.

"What is thy name?"

John told his name.

"Where does thee live?"

"On T—— street."

"I think I know thee. I think I've seen thee in the horse-cars."

John was silent; and the gentleman added,

"Thee ain't just the boy I want. I don't believe I can give thee a place in my store."

John started to go, and had reached the counting-room door, when the merchant called him back.

"Perhaps I'd better tell why thee won't do for me. I've got an idea that a boy who steals his rides might perhaps steal something else; if a person's honor and honesty aren't worth more to him than a trifling theft they ain't worth enough for my purposes."

John could not say a word and left the store. He felt badly as he went away. He was now paying altogether too much for his rides. He felt it still more when an acquaintance of his, James Jarvis, told him that he had obtained the place denied to him.

"It's one of the best places in the city; everybody says so," said James. Everybody says I am lucky to get it."

"How came you to?" asked John.

"They wouldn't take me there."

"Why not?"

John did not care to tell why, and changed the subject.

But his car-rides were not yet fully paid for; they will cost during his whole life, not only in self-respect and honor and confidence, but even in money, and a heavy sum too.

After having obtained situations in several stores, and filled them for a time without winning much favor in any, he wanted to begin business for himself, thinking his cunning would bring him success, and, with much self-confidence, proposed to his old acquaintance, Jarvis to form a partnership with him.

"No, John," he said; "we do not think alike."

"Why not?" urged John.

"What you call a good bargain, I think the very worst. So we could never agree."

"How is that?"

"You call it a good bargain when you put off upon another what you would not take yourself, or take from him more than you would give. I call it a good bargain when the parties are equally favored and equally satisfied, when each man knows the other is fair and can trust him in future dealings; I don't want to make new friends and new customers every day. Old faces please me best. You like a sharp trade and the advantage on your side, so you must keep dealing with strangers unless a few fools should happen to come in your way. No shrewd man will give you the advantage twice."

Jarvis and Benner went into different partnerships in the same branch of trade, and it is interesting as well as instructive to see how different are their positions already. Jarvis is respected and trusted by every one; especially by those who have had business with him, but men shrug their shoulders, and look knowing, when they warn each other to keep a good look out for Benner. The one has already earned the name of "an honest man," the other that of "a sly dog." Benner's income is not more than half as much as that of Jarvis, and, with all his unscrupulous art, cannot make so much profit on one sharp trade as Jarvis, with less time and toil, makes on three fair ones. Those car-rides on T—— street had far better been paid for in poor fippenny bits at the time.—*Congregationalist.*

PEDESTRIANISM. — Foster Powell, Englishman, who died in 1793, walked 100 miles in 23 3-4 hours. That was in 1786. The next year he walked 112 miles in 24 hours. He once made 10 miles in a single hour, and 50 miles in seven hours. In 1773 he walked 400 miles in five days and 18 hours. He once attempted to run two miles in ten minutes, but lost by half a minute. Walter Brown of Portland, a few days since, ran five miles in 32 m. 36 sec., winning $100 in the race, with 14 seconds to spare. That was on a railway track and not a common road. He offers to put up $1,000 that he will run 112 miles, on the same track, in 24 hours. That would be making the same distance with Powell, but the latter walked while Brown would run. An Englishman named Lewis some years ago performed a more difficult task. He walked 1000 miles in 1000 consecutive hours. That took him 41 days and 16 hours, in every hour of which he walked a mile.

Mr. Alexander T. Stewart, the famous dry goods millionaire of New York, it is said will erect a block of dwellings, to cost $1,000,000, and to be forever the home of the working-women of New York. It is to be a home where women may find food and shelter at prices within their reach, and whatever revenue it may yield is to be employed in the erection of other like institutions.

A poor vagabond in England was recently sentenced to three months' imprisonment, with hard labor, for the crime of sleeping in a gentleman's barn.

Retreat of Ney.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

One of the most memorable deeds of fortitude and heroism recorded in the annals of war, was performed by Marshal Ney, in the retreat from Moscow. With a division of five thousand men he was cut off from the remainder of the French army, Kutusoff, the Russian General, with 80,000 men, including numerous cavalry, and with 200 pieces of artillery, having effectually blocked up his passage.

Ney, with his little band of half famished soldiers, wavering in their languid march, with guns defective and dirty, and with but six pieces of cannon, rushed upon the hostile batteries, and maintained the unequal conflict, in the vain endeavor to cut his way through the masses of the foe, until night darkened the field.—Then at midnight, with no thought even of surrender, he ordered his troops to turn upon their track, and march back again into the wilds of Russia.

With amazement the troops heard this command, which, without hesitation, they obeyed. It was a cold gloomy winter's night. The ground was covered with snow, and the blast pierced the worn-out clothing of the soldiers. For two or three hours, in darkness, they traversed the savage waste, till they came to a small river. Breaking the ice, to see in what direction the current ran, Ney said: "This stream must flow into Dneiper. It shall be our guide."

The feeble band, cold, weary and hungry, struggled along until they reached the Dneiper. Its broad and rapid current was clogged with floating masses of ice, and in one spot only, which a lame peasant conducted them, was the ice sufficiently firm for them to attempt a passage. And even here, it was necessary to pass with the utmost caution. Ney, wrapped in his cloak, slept for an hour upon the snow, while the troops passed over in single file. The ice bent and cracked under their feet.

They then attempted to pass the wagons over, laden with sick and wounded. The frail surface broke, and several of the wagons sank beneath the ice. A few faint cries only were heard as the sufferers disappeared in their cold and icy sepulchre. By crossing the Dneiper, Ney hoped, in a long detour, again to reach the army. The Russians followed this feeble band in its retreat, keeping beyond musket shot, but firing incessantly upon their victims with artillery from every available eminence.

Napoleon was at Orcha, waiting in the most intense anxiety, to hear tidings from Ney. Four days passed without even a rumor of his fate.—The whole army was looking back across the Dneiper, hoping to catch a glimpse of his advancing columns, or to hear the report of his artillery. At the close of a day of solicitude and watching, another wintry night enveloped in its gloom these retreating, woe-stricken armies. Napoleon was partaking of a frugal supper with Gen. Lefebvre, when a shout of joy was heard in the street and the words, "Marshal Ney is safe," fell upon his ear. At that moment, a Polish officer entered with the tidings that the Marshal was a few leagues distant, on the banks of the river, harrassed by pursuing Cossacks, and in want of immediate assistance.—Napoleon sprang from his chair, seized the informant by both arms, and gazing into his eyes, exclaimed:

"Is that really true? Are you sure of it? I have two hundred millions of gold in my vaults at the Tuilleries. I would have given them all to save Marshal Ney."

Instantly Eugene was despatched with five thousand men for the rescue of the Marshal. Eagerly the soldiers left the bivouac lines for their midnight march. For six miles they toiled along through the snow, and over an unknown path, often stopping to listen if they could hear any sound of their lost friends. The river, which was their only guide, flowed drear and chill at their side, encumbered with vast masses of floating ice. Gloomy forests of evergreen frowned along their path, and no sound but the tramp of Eugene's battalion disturbed the silence of thought.

At length, Eugene ordered his artillery to be discharged, as a signal to call the attention of his friends.—Listening anxiously, they heard far off in the distance, in apparent response, a feeble report of musketry. The Marshal had not a single piece of artillery left. Both parties, however, understood the language of their guns, and hastened to meet each other. They were soon united. Officers and soldiers alike threw themselves into each others arms, and many of these war-worn veterans wept for joy.

The re-united bands, forgetful of past perils, and the still greater ones they were yet to encounter, returned rejoicing to Orcha. As Marshal Ney, with soldierly simplicity and unostentation, gave a recital of the dangers and difficulties he had surmounted, and the hardships he had endured, Napoleon grasped his hand and immortalized him with the title of the "bravest of the brave." Again Napoleon said, in reference to this achievement, in words which will never die: "Better is an army of deer commanded by a lion, than an army of lions commanded by a deer."

During this retreat, an unnatural mother, who was one of the camp followers, weary of nursing her crying child, threw it out in the snow to perish. Ney chanced to witness the inhuman deed, and lifting up the child, soothed it tenderly, and restored it to its mother in the sledge, commanding the mother to take charge of it. But soon again the woman whose heart was rendered callous by misery, threw the child into the snow. The Marshal again rescued the little one, and took it under his special protection, carrying it far some time in his own arms. The indignant soldiers hurled the mother from the sledge, and left her to be picked up by the Cossacks, or to perish on the frozen ground. The little orphan was watched over with the greatest care by the soldiers as they covered it up with furs and branches in one of the sledges. The child was carried in the arms of a soldier, through all the horrors of the passage of the Beresina, and surviving the hardships of the most disastrous retreat recorded in the history of the war, at length reached Paris in safety.

In the passage of the Beresina, which soon ensued, Ney again displayed his heroism through scenes of horror which have rarely been paralleled, and never surpassed upon the globe. The genius of the French engineers speedily threw two bridges across the stream. The French army consisted of but 27,000 thousand men, and a disorganized mass of 40,000 stragglers. While the frenzied mass were struggling over these bridges, the Russians, from adjacent hights, were hurling upon them a storm of shot and shell. Sixty thousand Russians manned these batteries. Ney, taking with him but eight thousand troops; plunged into the densest masses of the foe, drove them before him, and took 6,000 prisoners.

Through the long hours of a winter's night, this horrid scene of tumult and carnage continued. Thousands were crowded from bridges into the icy stream, and sank with shrieks which rose above the thunders of the battle. A fearful tempest arose of wind and smothering snow. The black mass of men and wagons, enabled the Russians to direct their guns with unerring aim. The howling of the storm, the gloom of night, the flash and roar of artillery, the explosion of shells and whistling of balls and bullets, the cries of onset and the shrieks of the dying, presented a spectacle that has given the Passage of Beresina perhaps the most prominent position among all the horrors which have occurred in this lost world. The numbers lost have never been fully ascertained. Thousand were swept to an unknown burial. But in the spring as the ice melted, twelve thousand corpses were dragged from the river.

CONFORMITY WITH CHRIST. — The chief study of a Christian, and the very thing that makes him to be a Christian, is conformity with Christ. The sum of religion (says Pythagoras) is to be like him thou worshippest. And that truly is our only way; there is nothing but wandering and perishing in all other ways, nothing but darkness and misery out of him; "but he that followeth me," says he, "shall not walk in darkness."—And therefore it is set before us in the Gospel in so clear and lively colors that we may make this our whole endeavor—to be like him.—*Leighton.*

CRIMINAL SILENCE.—How many Christian students in college, and Christian clerks in business, are guilty of the negligence referred to in the following paragraph:

A college studeat, who, after resisting the strivings of the Spirit for months, has recently yielded his heart to Jesus, tells me that the great obstacle which kept him from Christ was the fact that although for a year of college life he had been constantly and intimately associating with Christians, not one had ever spoken to him of the welfare of his soul.—Could they be sincere? Was religion a reality?

TRUE STRENGTH.—The secret of all diligence, energy, pleasure, success in duty, is a heart enlarged by the love of God. "For the love of Christ constraineth us." Oh! that golden chain of perfect freedom; that binding yoke of most sweet and willing bondage! See St. Paul the bondsman of Christ, going out to his daily service of labor and perils, chanting his morning song, and saying, "most gladly will I glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me." "Strong in the Lord and in the power of his might," was St. Paul,—but his strength was the strength of faith.—*Bishop McIlvaine.*

Prof. Loomis suggests a very uncomfortable theory in regard to the safety of the earth itself. He thinks it not impossible that sufficient steam might be generated in the burning centre of the world to blow the whole globe to pieces.

The official vote of the State of Georgia is as follows: Number of registered voters, 188,647; vote cast, 106,410; for Convention, 102,283; against, 4,127; majority for Convention, 98,156; number of whites voting for Convention, about 36,500.

Weston is to commence his fourth trial to walk a hundred miles in twenty-four hours at or near Pittsfield, Ohio, when he will be 933 1-2 miles on his journey. People with him think he cannot do it.